

THE NEW

75

Film Review
Magazine

EROTICA

T.M.

CAN DOROTHY LE MAY
SWALLOW JOHN LESLIE
ALL THE WAY?



For many years, the name **SWEDISH EROTICA**

has been synonymous with the ultimate in quality in the world of explicit adult material. This includes magazines, films, video tapes, and other products that show the

Swedish Erotica insignia. Whether the package is sealed or not, the public knows that the insignia on the front means that they are getting the very best. Now, the line between explicit material and simulated or "R" rated is becoming narrower. With the advent of Adult Video tapes, the definition of community standards will soon have to be reevaluated. ●

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Number 441

URBAN COWPOKE



There are unflattering terms that are occasionally used to describe certain women, one of which is cow and could never be applied to sleek, svelt Mary. Mary has luscious jugs, but by no stretch of the imagination do they hang down and resemble udders.

They're firm, conical, ripe and mouthfilling with cute little nipples that stand pertly erect when Mary is feeling horny. Which is why cowpoke John Leslie had no thoughts of cows in his mind when he first laid eyes on Mary and decided that, come hell or high water, he was going to poke her thoroughly first chance he got. Since Mary was already admiring his

muscular frame and speculating as to the size of his cock and his ability to use it, there wasn't likely to be much time between the desire and the action. Mary liked men who came on strong and John was groping her before the mutual introductions were finished.

Mary's reaction to his hand on her ass

was her own on his crotch. Since there was little more that needed to be said, he suggested a few drinks in his pad so that they might loosen up for the action they both intended. No point in rushing things. They had the whole day ahead of them in which to do a thorough job of probing the depths of a potentially rewarding relationship.

By the time they were half through the first drinks the probing



She began to deep-throat him.



had already begun. Both were stark, bareass naked and John had a finger deep in Leslie's snatch, massaging the inside of her cunt in a soothing manner while he sucked on her left tit. Leslie had one had on her drink and the other on John's cock,

admiring its length, thickness and hardness, imagining what it was going to feel like jammed tight into her cunt and going like a steam piston. She wondered, was John one of those studs who got straight to fucking or did he like to play games first. One way to find out. She put down her

drink and transferred her mouth's attention from sipping scotch to swallowing cock. Deep and tight, with an occasional nibble to let John know that she was a broad with teeth. When he came while she was sucking, filling her mouth with cum, she began to wonder if

this was going to turn out bad; a free blow job to a one-shot Johnnie.

Mary needn't have worried. As soon as she'd swallowed the last drop John was rolling her on her back, spreading her thighs gently, settling his head between them. His cock had gone





soft, but his tongue was agile and knowing, finding its way without a bit of instruction on her part to her clit, where it belonged. Even if he didn't get hard again a good cuntlapping was always worth giving head for. What was a mouthful of cum to the exquisite delight of having a hungry tongue massaging the shit out of her clit? She knew women who would suck a dozen cocks dry for the pleasure of a good cuntlapping. She'd done it herself a few times. Lord, the number of men she'd gone down on for every one who was willing to snack on her snapper. Actually, she





She sat down on the full length of it.



didn't mind if she never got fucked again so long as there was plenty of pussy licking to keep her juices flowing. And oh, God, this stud was doing her right. She felt the first orgasm building and wondered if the blow job had felt as good to John as this pussy licking was already feeling to her. Now if only there was some way she could get her snatch licked and fucked at the same time. Too bad men weren't built with a tongue on top of the cock. That would be something else in sexual experiences. The closest to it had been back in college, when she and her roommate had been





fooling around and the roommate had reamed her cunt with a vibrator while licking her off. Then she'd done the roommate the same way. It had been so fantastic that they'd stayed in bed together for three days, missing meals and exams. Mary figured that a real, live cock instead of the dead vibrator would feel even greater.

Mary came three times from John's tongue before he eased his head from between her legs and transferred his dripping lips to her own. She ran her tongue deep into his mouth, tasting her own juices there and marveling at how sweet they were. And what a sweet man John was. She reached down and felt for his cock. Hard as a rock again and she knew that this day was really going to be something special.

She relaxed and let John choose the position he wanted, certain that however, they began, it would not be the way they finished. John was too cool, too obviously experienced, not to drag their pleasures out to fantastic lengths, wring from the encounter every nuance.







***Dorothy closed her eyes
in pleasure, as she
expertly sucked in his rod.***



He took her from behind this time, driving slowly deep into her, bottoming out in her tender flesh. She could feel his cockhead pressing against her vulva, massaging it. Then, still fucking, he rolled her onto her side so that he could take both her tits in his hands, tease her nipples while his cock thrust steadily in and out. As for Mary, her hands were now free to caress his balls, feel them tighten under her fingers as his orgasm drew near.



At the last possible moment John stopped moving, stopped fucking while his cock was buried to the hilt. His fingers left her tits and began on her clit, taking her to a wrenching climax without coming himself.

Mary sighed and let herself relax completely, let her body go with the tide, no longer trying to direct anything. This was a stud who would take her all the way to where she wanted to go, a man she could trust. In return he was going to get more than he expected. She was going to take care of him. See to his every need. Give him the kind of loving every man wanted but few received. For better or worse, she was his.

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They fucked on the floor.



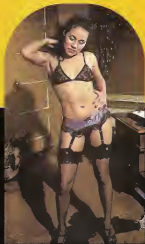




**He jerked
his huge
throbbing
tool out
of her
amazing
lips, and
shot
bursts of
hot come
in her
eyes.**



***She entered,
all soft
and silky,
and she***



***soon had
him sitting
up for
service.***



Number 167

THE MORNING AFTER



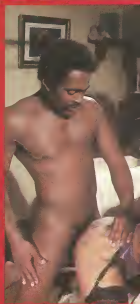
Life was such a bore. Last night, at the party, Rolf had watched listlessly as an overly plump female guest had pulled a train with most of the men then present. They'd fucked her until the cum had filled her cunt to overflowing and trickled out of her onto

the carpet which, unfortunately, he would now have to have picked up and sent off to the cleaners. There had been neither style nor finesse about the fucking, merely a succession of grunting animals shoving their eager cocks into the grasping, hairy snatch of the fat broad.

Mei, however, his newest housemaid,

had thought the evening thrilling. It was her first orgy and her shock had swiftly turned to avid interest, especially after he'd told her that for the evening she was to consider herself one of the guests — after she'd served the initial round of drinks. The last Rolf had seen of her Mei had seen of her Mei had the cock of a visiting English

The oriental beauty took them both on!





lord deep in her Oriental slit and was enjoying every inch of it. His Lordship generally preferred boys, but he'd made an exception in Mei's favor as a gesture to Rolf, who held the mortgage on His Lordship's home.

Now, the morning after, Mei simply could not stop talking about the party and how fascinating it had been. All those famous people fucking and sucking and eating pussy, just like ordinary men and

women. Mei was still innocent enough to blush as she described how the wife of the French Ambassador had licked her cunt. She hoped that Rolf would not consider her a lesbian just because of that one little adventure with

another woman.

Rolf laughed at the suggestion. He found Mei highly amusing and her innocence sent a shudder of stiffening desire through his usually limp cock. It had been

months since he'd actually wanted a woman. Casually, he invited her to prove her heterosexuality by sucking his cock.



down as she crouched before him.

Cocksucking was an art form Mel thoroughly understood and she was proud to have been asked to display her talents for the master. Mel's mother had been a famous cocksucker back in Hong Kong and she'd instructed her daughter in the secret Oriental ways of delivering pleasure to a man with her mouth. Mel was short on the actual experience and but she remembered well what she had been told and Rolf was soon getting an amazingly thorough blow job. He'd been beginning to wonder if he'd ever get his rocks off again but the sensations mounting in his cock told him that soon a long awaited load would be spurting from his cock.

Mario, the butler, chose that moment to wander into the room and peruse the scene. He'd had his eye on Mei's ass ever since she'd been hired and now was his chance. Mei's mouth was occupied with the boss's cock and her naked ass was in front





The big black cock came in her mouth.

it and her head bobbed slowly up and When it was completely hard her mouth closed around

Mei accepted the invitation at once and her hands soon finished the job of stiffening Rolf's cock. of him as she crouched, thighs slightly parted. It took but a moment for him to slip out of his clothing and nestle his already hard cock against her cunt from behind. Then she seemed to suck him into herself and the three of them were joined in the ages old game. Two cocks in her, mouth and cunt, both pumping at an ever increasing pace. Mei shuddered under the multiplicity of sensations as the three of them came together. ●



Lisa!



She really makes it hard on a guy!

Number 439

BOSS LADY



A man who's the company boss may still have a hard time getting laid because some women are still hesitant about fucking on the job. But a gal with her own company can have any stud she wants. Which is one of the reasons Lisa prefers to be boss. So when Jamie

showed up to interview for the job there was never a question about where the interview would be conducted. "We'll talk about it in my bedroom," she said and Jamie studied her huge jugs, her ripe body and smiled. Fucking was an area in which he shined. Lisa would love the talents he brought to the job.

Lisa extended him to his limits. Before the audition was over his

tongue ached to its roots from cuntlepping and his cock was sore and wilted. She'd sucked him dry, fucked him in every position he'd ever heard of and a few he swore she'd invented for the occasion. Lisa's cunt was a hungry maw that seemed to absorb every inch of his cock, clamping and pulling at it like a thing





alive unto itself. She had the hungriest snatch west of the Mississippi River, he learned, tight and deep and alive internally with tiny churning muscles that nibbled and massaged and compressed while she rode up and down

tirelessly or, in the missionary position, churned up to his every thrust. But Lisa was glad when he turned down the job. That meant another stud to interview later. ●









She stoops to conquer.





IN THIS ISSUE...

**Lisa DeLeeuw, Dorothy Le May
and John Leslie!**

